

# TENTH PENNSYLVANIA, JUST BACK FROM THE PHILIPPINES, RECEIVE FROM THE ADMIRAL A HEARTY WAVE OF THE HAT AS SALUTE TO THEIR SOLDIERS.

## DEWEY RECEIVES THE CUP OF GOLD.

Standing on the Platform in Front of the City Hall in the View of Thousands He Replies Feelingly to the Mayor's Address.

Admiral Dewey received from the city of New York yesterday a loving cup of pure gold. It represented the official appreciation of the metropolis of the great fighter's native land, and as a symbol of his countrymen's esteem it will rank next to the sword he is to receive from the nation.

The cup was given to the Admiral in City Hall Park on a raised platform upon the broad steps of the administration building and in plain view of thousands who gathered to see the ceremony.

Once again the Admiral did the surprising thing, although in this instance the act was involuntary. The presentation had been scheduled for 11 o'clock sharp. It took place fifteen minutes earlier, and he did not adhere to the original plan. The escorting committee all but spoiled the whole affair.

Fourteen hundred public school children came in a body to sing for the Admiral. He was gone when they arrived at 9:02 o'clock, at which moment the ceremonies should just have begun.

**Fourteen Hundred Children Sing.**

No one had the heart to tell the children, with their flags and bright and eager faces, that the Admiral was not there. The truth was kept from them, and a deceit was

practised. When the youngsters, accompanied by the band, sang "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner," General Horatio C. King was passed forward on the platform where the Admiral had stood. He lifted his hat several times, the children yelled "Hurrah for Dewey!" again and again, and waved their flags frantically.

The singing of the young Americans, with their sweet, fresh voices so carefully trained for the occasion, had been, with Admiral Dewey present, quite the dominant feature of the moment.

When the troops of the United States moved into the park and fell into line on the south side of the plaza there was no one on the platform. The Admiral's carriage, following closely on the cavalry, drove up at the steps of the platform and the Admiral alighted. As he walked up the steps with Mr. McKim and General Howard Carroll by his side, the Mayor was still in his office. Half a dozen persons ran wildly to him with the information that the Admiral had arrived, and he hurried out followed by Seth Low, former Governor Levi P. Morton, Richard Croker, Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, Rudolph Guggenheimer, General Miles, the heads of the various city departments and a dozen other eminent citizens. The Admiral's captives and all those who had come from the Battery in the carriages stood below on the asphalt, awaiting the signal to ascend the platform.

## MAYOR TELLS OF THE HERO'S LIFE AND DEEDS.

The Admiral and the Mayor shook hands formally, and the face of each was as serious as if he faced some dread calamity. The Admiral twice glanced furtively out over the thousands of upturned faces like one about to be executed. He was plainly nervous and ill at ease. It was a strange sight to behold the lion-hearted man cowed before the adulation of his countrymen.

The Mayor broke the few moments of silence by beginning his address. He said:

The true dignity of manhood can never be overestimated in the study of the influences which build up a man to serve a State. Hero worship, if it is merely a manifestation of a full recognition and appreciation of such manhood in the individual leader's performance of duty to State, either in war or in peace, is most commendable. It is the estimate of your character and conduct by the living, as well as the unborn millions to be. To such a hero death itself bows, for he lives in memory for all time.

In this spirit I shall not hesitate in this presence to freely express America's estimate of your character and achievements. The nation would gladly have its dominion extended over the face of the globe in order that additional millions of admiring fellow-citizens might be here to-day to pay homage to you and welcome you home.

Your countrymen have invested in and know every detail of your life. Your joys and your sorrows are theirs. They have traced your ancestry, and your character, and your deeds. From the cradle rocked by a fond mother to the Olympic, rocked by the rolling waves of the sea, your life has been a story of heroism.

**All His Life Familiar.**

They listen with delight to the story of the fighting Deweys, bravely doing their duty in every war of their country for 250 years; of your pointing out, when a mere child, to your father the pictures in the clouds of ships and battles, including the battle of Lake Erie and the form of Perry's flag; of your devotion to the study of your profession, so that both at the end of long periods of peace, were found fully equipped and ready to give the country splendid service, and to lift themselves to the highest plane of fame and renown.

**Romance of Sea Warfare.**

The romance of sea warfare has charmed and enchanted the imagination of man as no other theme has ever done, arousing in him the sentiment of patriotism and inspiring the poet with songs of his country and her heroes. This is why, from the earliest times, the times when Neptune, with trident, rode the sea in a shell-shaped boat drawn by dolphins, or when the Vikings rowed the North Maids, carrying all before them, or when the sea kings with the modern navies were stationed upon the ocean to subdue and protect the rights of civilized governments and

their commerce upon the highways of the sea.

The world stood enthralled, and then broke out in loud hurrahs which can never be stilled, when the electric spark flashed the news over the globe that on the last of May, 1898, you had destroyed in Manila Bay the Spanish Navy, silencing the forts and taking the Philippine Islands, thus stripping the East of every vestige of Spanish domination.

Spain was that moment conquered. The Pacific Ocean, that instant cleared of hostile forces, leaving to the remainder of our naval and land forces the task of sweeping from the Atlantic Ocean and its islands the aggressor, half-famished and scattered bands of Spanish stragglers.

**Victory Superbly Complete.**

This was all accomplished in a naval battle of less than seven hours, including the intermission which you ordered for breakfast. Not an American was killed. Two hundred Spaniards were killed, seven hundred were wounded, the Spanish army was destroyed and an empire was lost to Spain forever. History records no achievement of such superb completeness as was the battle in Manila Bay.

This demonstration is no mere tribute to a personal friend, a fellow citizen. It is a simple and direct recognition of the debt due to the public servant who has proved himself grandly and effectively faithful to his country's welfare and honor. You are called a man of destiny. You are; but yours is the destiny of merit and worth and of constant duty to your duty.

Our Republic has no reason to fear a comparison of her sea fighters with the heroes of the past. The Admiral of the Republic gave her Paul Jones; the war for the freedom of the ocean highways gave her Perry; and the war for her moral and physical integrity gave her Farragut. She points with pride to any one of these and says to all nations: "This is our hero." You, Admiral Dewey, war against Spain, waged for humanity's sake in behalf of her island neighbors, gave her Duguay, who can safely be pronounced chief among the naval heroes of the world.

**Pride of All Americans.**

The careers of these illustrious nautical sons of the Republic are well marked. Their exploits are a part of history for all the future, partaking of the vast and overwhelming character of the ocean upon which they rode, lived, acted and achieved their greatness, which is the pride of all Americans.

From your departure from Manila Bay you were a history maker, and if the ancient custom of naming a period after him, which is the most illustrious name during its continuance still prevails, this would be known as the Dewey Age. Solitary in the grandeur of your achievements, you are lifted above all those who have come before you.

To the Mayor has been assigned the personally pleasant duty of presenting to you, in the name of the City of New York, the metropolis of our country, the trophy which the Mayor referred you from time to time of her love for you, and her special pride in your career. It is a symbol of the respect for you, and for the nation, and for all nations and peoples for our starry flag, and for the peace and the man-of-war, or the ship of commerce.

When the Mayor referred to the deeds of the heroes of the past, the Admiral bowed his head in acquiescence to the tribute paid to them.

As Mr. Van Wyck spoke his messenger, P. J. Scully, and a helper brought out the golden loving cup on a small, plain table and placed it near the Admiral. He did not receive them. The Mayor referred to "this loving cup," and then, for the first time, did Admiral Dewey's wandering eyes rove upon the trophy which was more the Mayor's address, which was all pantheism to the multitude, had ended, and the sailor began his reply of acceptance.

## REPLYING, THE ADMIRAL PRAISES HIS SQUADRON.

The Admiral spoke diffidently, haltingly, and in such a low tone that only those at his side could hear him.

"It would be quite impossible, quite impossible," said he, as if trying to catch the vagrant phrases of a speech coming in vain, "for me to express in words how deeply I am moved by this—all of these honors, one after the other—that beautiful gift, magnificent reception."

**Praises His Squadron.**

"I cannot say what I want to say, out speaking for myself and for the gallant squadron I had the honor to command at Manila. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

At the final words of the Admiral the crowd broke into tremendous cheering. Having finished his reply to the Mayor the Admiral turned to the words of the Mayor. "Come up here, boys!" he cried, heartily, to the captains of the ships who served under him in the battle of Manila Bay, and who still stood below on the asphalt. "These," he continued, turning to the Mayor and committee, "are the boys who won the victory."

"Don't mind the Admiral," said Captain Lamberton, with a laugh; "he's just soft-spoken as usual."

The captains were then presented to the Mayor and others, and for a few moments there was a jovial exchange of compliments and civilities.

## AS DEWEY SETS FOOT ON MANHATTAN ISLAND ROUNDSMAN TUBBS GREET'S HIM AND IS SHAKEN BY THE HAND.

THE first man to greet Admiral Dewey upon his landing on New York soil was Cornelius T. Tubbs, a roundsman on duty at Pier A.

## THROUGHOUT THE LONG TIRING DAY DEWEY IS GRACIOUS TO ALL, MODEST AND SELF POSSESSED.

His Salutes to the Flag for Which He Fought Are Precise, Invariable; His Bows to Women Are Courty; His Reception of Wreaths and Bouquets Is Dignified; His Sympathy for All Is Genuine.

When Dewey reached the reviewing stand a roar and cheer went up that set his face aglow. He raised his heavy gold-limbed, feathered, boat-shaped hat and bowed and bowed again. His stand was behind a bank of roses, and all about him were men who seemed a perfectly natural thing to be the central figure of an ovation on his own account.

The great men of the navy and the army were there, and their gold lace lent an air of stateliness to the proceedings. It would be hard to conceive a figure more suited to be the focal point of such a celebration than the great Admiral. Dewey is dignified personified. Among the great men he was the greatest, and he looked it.

He surveyed the beautiful theatre of a nation's appreciation, and those who watched him, and there were thousands and thousands at that point alone who saw that his glance took in everything.

Never was a man more sensible of a people's good will than Admiral Dewey. His every expression showed appreciation of what his people had done.

When he stood bare-headed before that worshipping crowd with a ten times greater crowd extended for miles above and below his station, it was easy to realize how men become dictators.

**Might Be a Dictator.**

The spirit of the men and women there was of unquestioning loyalty to one man. Had yesterday been a time of stress and crisis in the nation's life instead of the noon of prosperity and victory it would have seemed a perfectly natural thing to nine-nine of every hundred men along Fifth Avenue to resign their destinies to him.

This may seem hysterical to-day, but when Dewey mounted the stand yesterday was a hysterical moment. Men were breathing hard, and more than one woman fainted from the mere stress of her emotions.

But the object of all this attention, the man whose presence wrought that crowd up until it was tense as a violin string, was standing there bowing and smiling, his hat in his hand and his nerves, trained by a life-time of discipline, thoroughly under control.

There was the Mayor of the greatest city in America beside him, but nobody saw the Mayor. The greatest military pageant New York has ever seen was passing before him, but nobody cared for the parade. The presence of the Governor of the State of New York at the head of the State troops was important because Dewey raised his hat to him.

While the generals and rear admirals and lower lights of the great galaxy were finding their places in the reviewing stand the Admiral's eye took in the pure white arch and the marble columns of the approaches of the head of the column of soldiers.

As the bearers of the sculptured figures dawned on the Admiral a look of under-

standing and pleasure on his face set the crowds to cheering again.

**Delights Two Sculptors.**

Two sculptors, who have worked day and night, hardly stopping for their meals, in order that mortals and goddesses should be ready in the plaster to greet the victor, looked each other on the south side of the arch. That comprehending glance of Dewey was recognition for their days and nights of labor, all the applause they wanted.

High above the white arch and the electric lighted statues and banners, and the word "Welcome." Admiral Dewey looked at it and saw it, and his hand went to his hat, but he did not touch it.

The long drive from One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street had not distressed the Admiral. He alighted from the carriage, took a bite and a sip of champagne, greeted his comrades in arms and what civil dignitaries were on the stand, and then stood up for four hours. He returned the salute of every officer and bared his head to every stand of colors, besides bowing often to the cheering people about him and to the other crowds who cheered from the hotel windows and the roofs.

The day was bright and the sun warm when he started. It was black and cold when he finished the task of reviewing the parade, and his uniform cloak was inadequate protection from the chill wind that in all this time the Admiral never showed the least impatience, and he came through the weary, of course, but far from prostrated. Not one man of his years in a hundred is capable of enduring the physical strain to which he was subjected. The committee wanted him to rest, wanted him to leave the stand while the procession halted, but the Admiral is as considerate as he is rugged, and he would not keep the men who were marching in his honor standing while he refreshed himself.

**Admiral Notices the Details.**

There was no stiffness about the review. Admiral Dewey watched the parade with the liveliest interest, commenting on the different regiments as they went by, pointing out to his Mayor features that struck him peculiarly, such as a man in a uniform, or an officer who rode a spirited horse particularly well. He was delighted with Troop A, and he joined in a shout of applause when the veterans of the Fifth Regiment marched the admiration for the superb marching of the Seventh Regiment, for though they did not go to the war the Seventh is still the smartest regiment that ever kept step over a New York street, and his face seemed to show grave pity when the hisses broke through the cheers as the gray and white and dandies, with their hands up and eyes straight before them, passed under the arch.

Admiral Dewey did not require to be told the unfortunate history of the Seventh. He knew about it; he has managed somehow to keep well informed of all that happened at home during the years of his absence.

There was quite an interval between the arrival of Admiral Dewey and the passing of the head of the column of soldiers. "What can have a drink of whiskey to-

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There was no stiffness about the review. Admiral Dewey watched the parade with the liveliest interest, commenting on the different regiments as they went by, pointing out to his Mayor features that struck him peculiarly, such as a man in a uniform, or an officer who rode a spirited horse particularly well. He was delighted with Troop A, and he joined in a shout of applause when the veterans of the Fifth Regiment marched the admiration for the superb marching of the Seventh Regiment, for though they did not go to the war the Seventh is still the smartest regiment that ever kept step over a New York street, and his face seemed to show grave pity when the hisses broke through the cheers as the gray and white and dandies, with their hands up and eyes straight before them, passed under the arch.

Admiral Dewey did not require to be told the unfortunate history of the Seventh. He knew about it; he has managed somehow to keep well informed of all that happened at home during the years of his absence.

There was quite an interval between the arrival of Admiral Dewey and the passing of the head of the column of soldiers. "What can have a drink of whiskey to-

Tubbs was keeping the crowd back and night, hardly stopping for their meals, in order that mortals and goddesses should be ready in the plaster to greet the victor, looked each other on the south side of the arch. That comprehending glance of Dewey was recognition for their days and nights of labor, all the applause they wanted.

High above the white arch and the electric lighted statues and banners, and the word "Welcome." Admiral Dewey looked at it and saw it, and his hand went to his hat, but he did not touch it.

The long drive from One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street had not distressed the Admiral. He alighted from the carriage, took a bite and a sip of champagne, greeted his comrades in arms and what civil dignitaries were on the stand, and then stood up for four hours. He returned the salute of every officer and bared his head to every stand of colors, besides bowing often to the cheering people about him and to the other crowds who cheered from the hotel windows and the roofs.

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